

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

No. 166 15th April, 1972

PRICE 8p

Niggly-Noo,
the naughty Imp—
meet him on page 2.



NIGGLY-NOO the Naughty Imp



1. Niggly-Noo, the naughty elf, sat on a toadstool. Grinning mischievously he sang, "Niggly Niggly Noo, now what shall I do?" He had already unpegged the fairies' washing so that their dainty little dresses flew all over the gardens and he had frightened all the fairies by making funny noises.



2. Suddenly, Rose Fairy joined him. "I want you to do something for me," she said. "Our queen has fallen in love with your king, but he takes no notice of her. Go to the fairy witch, get a love potion and drop it in the king's milk. It will make him fall in love with the first one he sees, so put this picture of our queen by his bed."



3. Niggly-Noo flew off to the mountain cave of the fairy witch. She was fond of Niggly-Noo and agreed to make up the potion. While she was gone Niggly-Noo remembered that if his king married the fairy queen, the elves' kingdom would be invaded by fairies. He replaced a picture of the witch with the one of the fairy queen.



4. Very soon the fairy witch returned and Niggly-Noo flew off with the love potion. It was night time when he arrived at the elfin king's palace. Softly he hurried to the king's bedroom where he was fast asleep, dropped the potion in his milk, and put beside it the picture of the old witch. Then, chuckling with laughter, he hurried away.



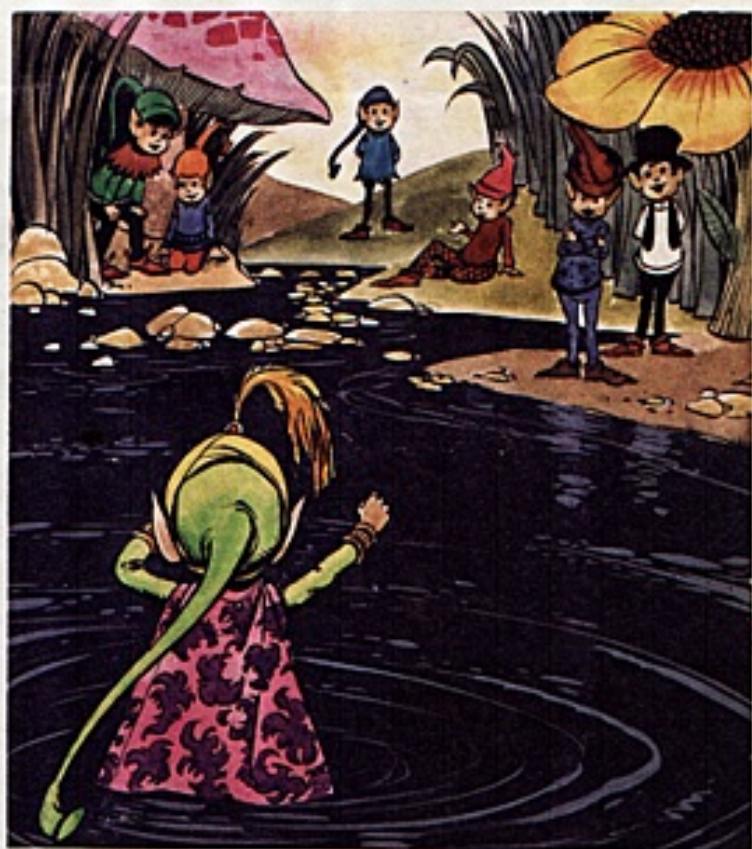
5. When the king awoke, he drank his milk and then saw the witch's picture. He immediately fell in love with her. "My chariot, quickly!" he called out. Within a few moments he was flying across the sky to the mountain cave. His one desire now was to tell the fairy witch that he wanted to marry her.



6. In her cave, the old witch had noticed that the fairy queen's picture had replaced hers on the wall and realised what naughty Niggly-Noo had done. Jumping on her broomstick, she flew out of the cave. "I must escape from the elfin king until the spell wears off!" she muttered to herself.



7. The king saw her and speeded up his chariot. Poor Niggly-Noo saw them and was afraid for his king. Quickly, he told the elfin guard, who blew his horn, mustering all the elves. Then in a great cloud they flew in front of the king's chariot and turned it back. So that it was now travelling towards the elfin kingdom.



8. "Drop him in the fairy pond!" shouted the old witch. "Then the spell will be broken." The elves did this. When he got out of the pond, the king was very angry. "What have you naughty elves been up to?" he cried, but nobody minded his anger because now he had forgotten about his love for the witch.

All sorts of things to do with **ROPE**



These children could not skip without their ropes. Have you learnt how to skip yet? It's quite easy once you know how.



The two men above are crossing a rope bridge. In jungle countries, such as parts of India, long, hanging vines are twisted into ropes, and one of the many uses of these ropes is in the building of rope bridges across fast-flowing rivers and gorges.



In the American West, the cowboys use a rope known as a lasso—or lariat—for catching cattle.



Some Sailors' knots for you to learn!

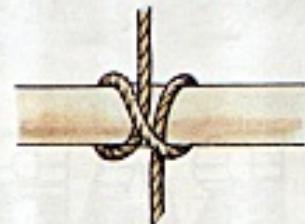
REEF KNOT

To join two ropes.



CLOVE HITCH

To tie a rope to a spar.



**SIMPLE or
OVERHAND**



SLIP KNOT



Lots of rope was used on a sailing ship, and a modern yachtsman could not manage without it.



The men above are cutting some rotten branches from a tree in a park. One end of a piece of rope is fastened to the branch that is being cut, in order to guide its fall to the ground.



These men are mountaineers. They are joined together at their waists by a strong piece of rope, so that if one man slips and falls, his weight is supported by the other climbers.



BRER RABBIT

This week: Brer Rabbit and the Cherry Tree.

One day, when Brer Rabbit was going lickety split across a field, he came across the finest cherry tree he had ever seen. There were ripe red cherries hanging from every branch. How Brer Rabbit stared—but not for long. Before you could say “ripe red cherries”, he had climbed that cherry tree and was sitting up in the branches, cramming the fruit into his mouth as fast as he could.

When he had eaten as many cherries as he wanted, he stuffed his pockets full of the fruit, climbed back down the tree again and off he went, eating a cherry or two every so often, when he felt like it.

Now who should Brer Rabbit meet sauntering along, but Brer Fox. When Brer Fox saw Brer Rabbit pull some delicious cherries out of his pocket and put them in his mouth, his eyes opened wide.

“Good morning, Brer Rabbit,” said Brer Fox, in his nicest possible voice.

“Good morning, Brer Fox,” said Brer Rabbit. “I hope you’re feeling well.”

“Now you come to mention it, Brer Rabbit, I’m not feeling well at all, not at all,” said Brer Fox, thoughtfully. “In fact, I need something nice to put me right again. A few cherries, that’s what I need. If I had a few nice ripe cherries, they’d do me the world of good.”

Brer Rabbit nodded thoughtfully. “It’s a pity you didn’t come along a few minutes earlier, Brer Fox,” he said. “Why, I had a pocketful of the most delicious cherries you ever tasted, but I’ve just finished them all up.”

“Well now, that’s a pity,” said Brer Fox. “I suppose you couldn’t tell me where you got them, Brer Rabbit? Then I

could go and pick some of those delicious cherries for myself."

Brer Rabbit pretended to think hard. "Well, now, I don't think I could do that, Brer Fox," he said. "Even if I did tell you, it wouldn't be much use, because it's a magic tree. To get those cherries, you have to know some magic words to say."

That made Brer Fox feel even more curious and he wanted some cherries even more. Of course, Brer Rabbit had known that would happen and he was grinning to himself in the most mischievous way as he went lickety split off home.

The next morning, he called one of the little rabbits. "We're going to play a trick on old Brer Fox. I want you to go and hide in the cherry tree," said Brer Rabbit. "Choose a place where the leaves are thick and make sure you can't be seen, but before you hide, fill one pocket with ripe cherries, and the other pocket with hard, bitter crab-apples. Then, when I come along," said Brer Rabbit, "wait till I say 'Fiddle faddle, bobble, babble, cherry ripe pop into my mouth', then you start throwing cherries into my mouth."

Brer Rabbit continued, "Brer Fox is certain to be following me, hiding in the bushes so that I can't see him, and waiting to see what happens, so make sure you keep well hidden."

The little rabbit set off for the cherry tree. He filled his pockets with ripe cherries and hard crab-apples, and then

hid among the thick leaves and waited.

After a while, along came Brer Rabbit, and how the little rabbit grinned to himself as he saw Brer Fox sneaking along behind him.

"I think I'd like some ripe, juicy cherries to eat, tree," said Brer Rabbit. "Throw me some down. Bobble, bubble, hobble, hubble, cherry ripe pop into my mouth."

Now this wasn't what Brer Rabbit had said he would say, so the little rabbit didn't throw any cherries.

Brer Rabbit frowned. "Funny," he said. "I must have got the magic words wrong. I'll try again."

He thought hard and then he said, "Fiddle, faddle, bobble, babble, cherry ripe pop into my mouth."

At once the little rabbit began to throw ripe cherries into Brer Rabbit's mouth. It seemed to Brer Fox that that tree was simply raining cherries into Brer Rabbit's mouth. At last the little rabbit's pocketful of cherries had all gone and he stopped throwing them.

Brer Rabbit stood up and closed his mouth. "Thank you, tree," he said. "I think that's enough for one day. Time I was going home again."

Off he went and no sooner had he disappeared than Brer Fox went and sat under the tree. He tried to say, "Fiddle, faddle, bobble, babble, cherry ripe pop into my mouth," but he found it wasn't

easy to say and he couldn't get the words right at all. At last he said what he thought were the right words and then he sat under the tree with his mouth open—and waited.

The little rabbit knew just what to do, because Brer Rabbit had told him. He didn't throw ripe, juicy cherries into Brer Fox's mouth at all. He threw the hard, bitter crab-apples that he had in his other pocket.

It was a minute or two before Brer Fox realised what was happening and he had swallowed quite a few of those crab-apples. They felt like hard stones inside him. Brer Fox gave a great roar and he turned and ran down the lane as fast as his legs would take him.

Brer Rabbit found him not long after, sitting on the ground, holding his tummy and looking very sorry for himself. Those hard, bitter crab-apples had given him a very bad tummy-ache.

"I suppose you didn't say the right magic words," said Brer Rabbit shaking his head. "That cherry tree doesn't like it if you say the wrong magic words." Then off he went, lickety split, grinning all over his face.

Once again Brer Rabbit had tricked Brer Fox, and Brer Fox would not forget it for a very long time to come!

There'll be another story about Brer Rabbit next week.



NEW TALES from the JUNGLE BOOK

From the Walt Disney Motion Picture, "The Jungle Book" based on the story by Rudyard Kipling.



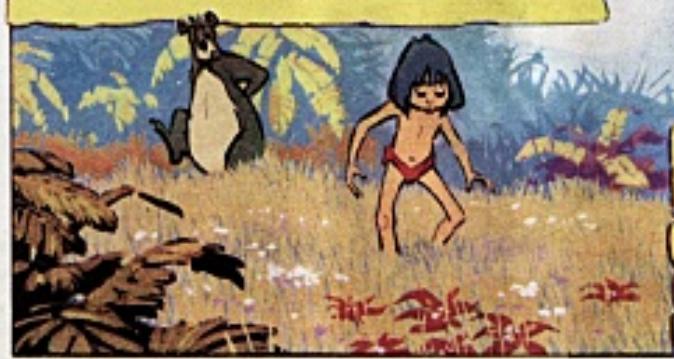
1. It was a very hot day and Mowgli the little jungle boy and his great friend, Baloo the bear, were resting happily in the sunshine. Suddenly Mowgli sat up and said: "I can hear the pitter-pat of thousands of tiny feet coming towards us."



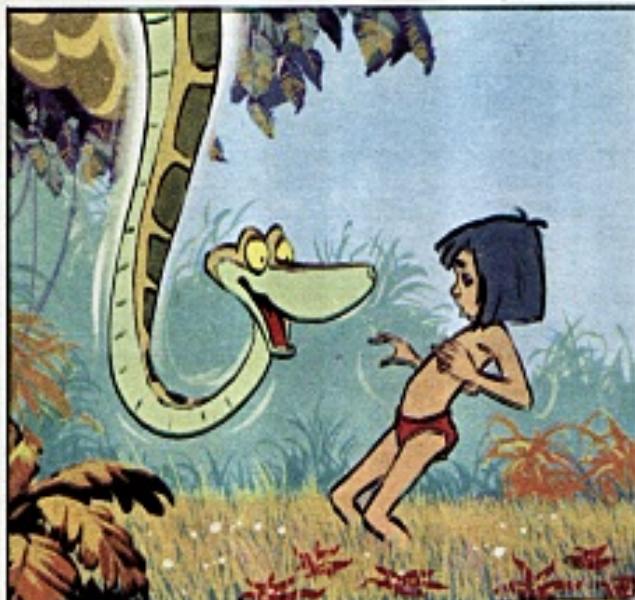
2. Baloo grunted drowsily. "Hush now, Little Breeches," said he. "I want a nap." But the next moment he leaped up with a loud YOW-OWL! "Land-sakes!" he shouted. "I wanted a nap but I've been nipped!"



3. Baloo had been lying in the path of thousands of soldier ants. Tramp, tramp, tramp the ants were marching! And crunch, crunch, crunch went their tiny teeth as they munched everything before them.



4. Right, left, right, left marched the ants. "Pesky little creatures," growled Baloo. But Mowgli was very interested in the ants. "I'm going to follow them," he said. Now it so happened a certain somebody had his greedy eyes fixed on Mowgli. And that certain somebody was Kaa the crafty snake, and there was nothing Kaa liked better for tea than a nice juicy boy—unless it was two juicy boys.



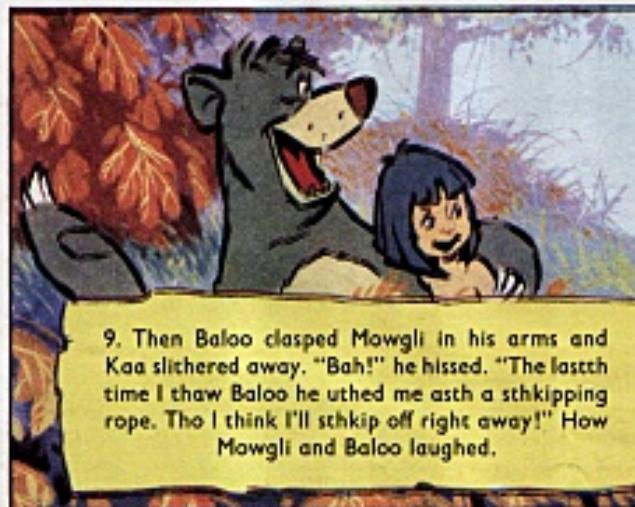
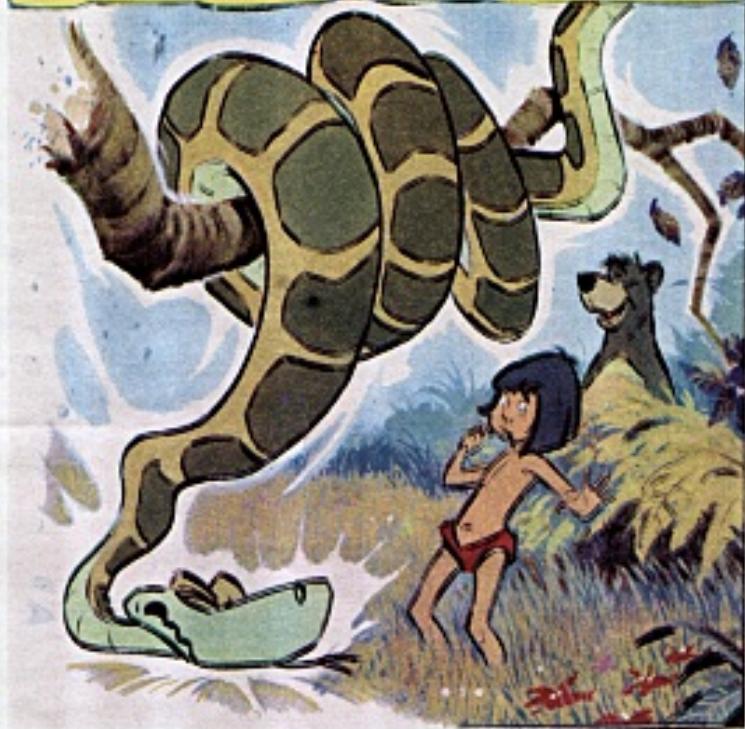
5. Mowgli had not seen Kaa, so you can imagine how surprised he was when suddenly he looked up and there before him were Kaa's great big eyes.



6. "Hello, little one," hissed Kaa. "Long time no s-s-s-theel Not that I can s-s-s-thee very well at the moment. I've got s-s-s-something in my eye. Can you s-s-s-thee anything?" And he opened his huge yellow eyes—oh, so wide!



7. "Shtleep! Shtleep!" hissed Kaa slyly. His funny eyes made Mowgli feel very very sleepy. This was Kaa's plan. As soon as Mowgli closed his eyes, Kaa would strike. But the soldier ants had arrived!



9. Then Baloo clasped Mowgli in his arms and Kaa slithered away. "Bah!" he hissed. "The lastt time I thaw Baloo he uthed me asth a sthskipping rope. Tho I think I'll sthkip off right away!" How Mowgli and Baloo laughed.

8. Nibble, nibble! They munched through the branch round which Kaa had wound himself and KLONK! Kaa crashed to the ground.



Next week an old boot leads Mowgli and his friends into a merry adventure.

The Jolly Dogs

This week:
The Royal Visit. By Barbara Hayes.

A fine, new bridge had been built in Dogsville and the mayor had written off to the palace to ask if Princess Corgi could come down to open it.

You can imagine how thrilled everyone was when a letter came back to say that the princess would come.

One day, Bossy Dog came running in to her mummy looking absolutely thrilled.

"I say—guess what!" she gasped.

Then, when everyone had turned to look at her, she said:

"Police Dog Dependable wants me—Bossy—to present the bunch of flowers to the princess to thank her for opening the bridge."

Bossy was beside herself with delight.

Mummy Dog was very pleased, too, to think that her little girl should have such an honour.

"I will sew some extra frills on to Bossy's party dress to make sure she is the

prettiest little girl there," smiled Mummy Dog.

"It's all very easy, Mummy," said Bossy. "I just have to be at the bridge at twelve o'clock tomorrow, and when the princess has said: 'I declare this bridge open,' and cut the ribbon that will be tied across it—then I step forward, curtsy, hand over the flowers, and say:

'For you, with all our loyal thanks!'" Bossy grinned.

"Well, that seems easy enough," said Mummy Dog. "For you, with all our loyal thanks."

All that evening, Bossy practised very hard, smiling and curtsying and muttering to herself:

"For you, with all our loyal thanks. For you, with all our loyal thanks. For you, with all our loyal thanks," so that she would be ready for her big moment, the next day.

Then, Gay Dog, who always had to



make a joke out of everything, said:

"I say—wouldn't it be funny if Bossy got it wrong, and instead of saying, 'For you, with all our loyal thanks', she said, 'For you, with all our thoyal lanks'!"

The others giggled, because it did sound funny.

But Bossy scowled.

"I wouldn't make a mistake like that," she said. "I shall just smile and say, 'For you, with all our thoyal lanks'!"

Bossy clapped her hand to her mouth in horror.

Somehow, now that she had heard the wrong thing, she couldn't get it out of her head.

"For you, with all our thoyal lanks!" she kept saying it over and over again.

Then, suddenly, it seemed that things had gone right again.

"For you, with all our loyal thanks," Bossy managed to get out.

But the next time she tried it—things went wrong again. This time she said: "Yor fou, with all our loyal thanks." She had got the first part wrong that time.

And then she said: "Yor fou, with all our thoyal lanks," which was even worse. Poor Bossy!

She sat up nearly all night trying to get the right words into her head.

Gay Dog was very sorry for starting it all, but there didn't seem anything he could do to help.

At last the time came to go to the bridge.

Bossy was white and shaking with dark shadows under her eyes, because she had missed her sleep.

"Yor fou, with all our thoyal lanks," were the only words that went through her little head.

Then kind Mummy's Little Diddums

had an idea. He had been given a flag to wave at the princess.

Quickly he stuck some white paper to one side of the flag and then wrote on it:

"For you, with all our loyal thanks!"

"Go ahead, Bossy," whispered Diddums. "Everything will be all right, I promise you."

So Bossy did go ahead and then just as she handed the flowers to the princess, Diddums pretended to wave his flag, but really he held up the words for Bossy to see.

"For you, with all our loyal thanks!" said Bossy in a loud, clear voice—and everyone cheered.

What a relief—it was all over and Bossy hadn't made a mistake!

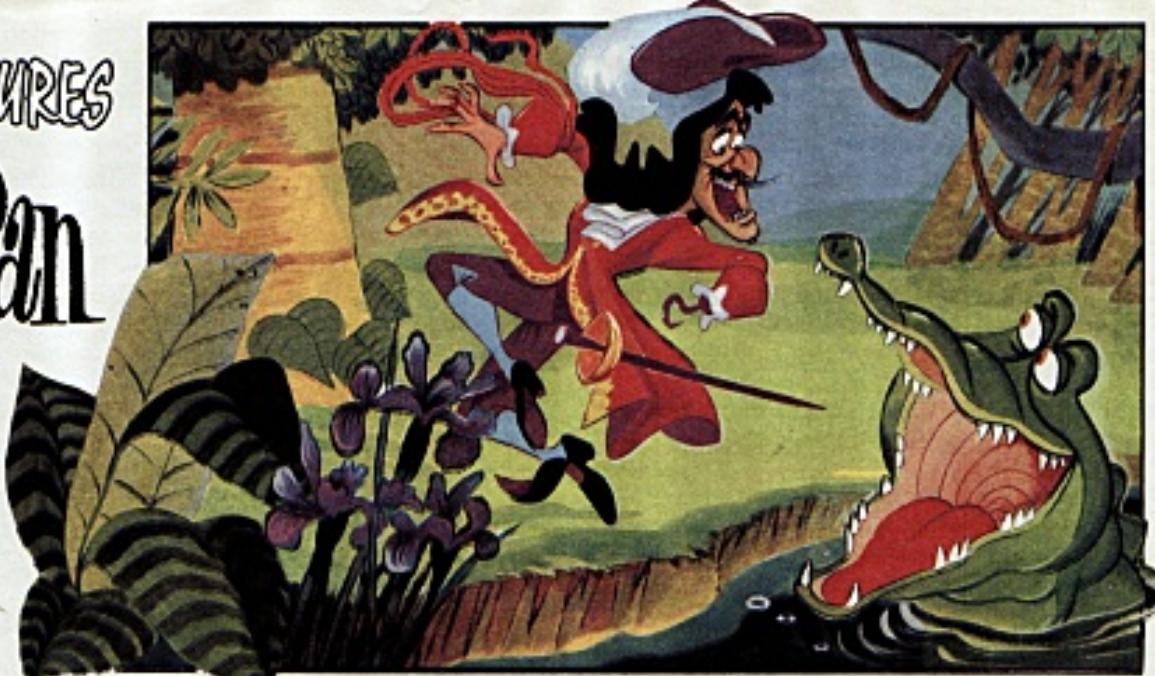
Another story about the dogs next week.



The ADVENTURES of Peter Pan

From the Walt Disney Motion Picture based on the story by Sir James Barrie

Have you ever heard of that fierce pirate, Captain Hook? He is the enemy of Peter Pan, the amazing boy who never wants to grow up.



1. Well, one day, Captain Hook was on his way to his ship which was anchored in Skeleton Cove. Suddenly Captain Hook heard a clock ticking loudly and there, right behind him, was a huge crocodile. The rascally captain was frightened.



2. This crocodile had once eaten Captain Hook's left hand and had, ever since, hunted the captain. Luckily for Hook, the crocodile had swallowed an alarm clock and the ticking of the clock always warned the pirate that the crocodile was near. Captain Hook took to his heels.



3. The crocodile could run very fast but Captain Hook could run faster. After three miles he managed to lose the crocodile and he leaned against a tree, mopping his forehead. "Phew!" he gasped. "That was a narrow escape." Just then along came Wendy Darling, Peter Pan's best friend.



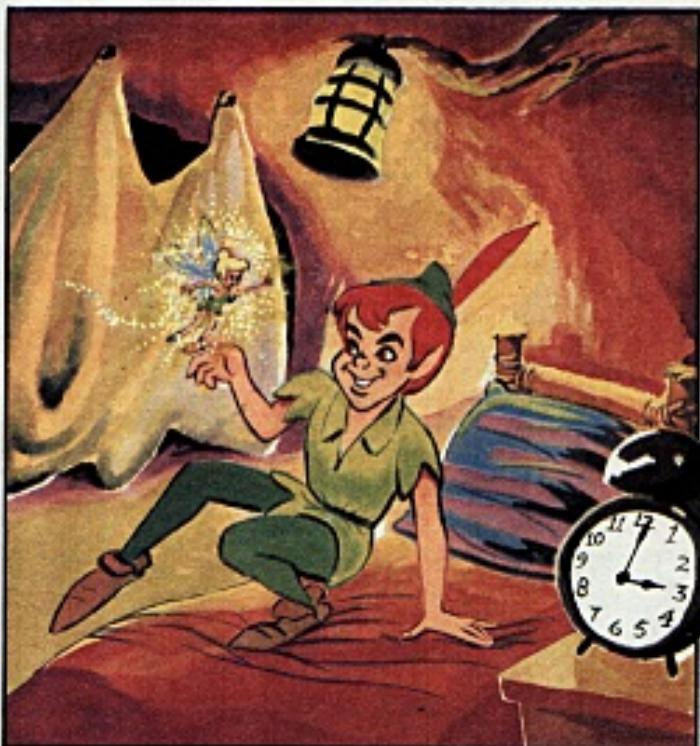
4. As soon as Captain Hook saw Wendy, he grinned and showed his big white teeth. "Ha," he rasped. "If I can capture her, I will tell Peter Pan that I will only release her if he gives himself up to me as my prisoner." And with those words he drew his sword and sprang out on Wendy. "Got you!" he shouted. "This time you cannot escape, and soon I will have Peter Pan, too!"



5. Of course, poor Wendy was no match for the big pirate and she was soon tied up. "If that cheeky brat, Peter Pan, will give himself up to me, you can go free," he sneered. But unknown to either Wendy or Hook, the tiny fairy, Tinker Bell, had seen what had happened.



7. A little later Captain Hook, who was grinning down at Wendy, heard a loud ticking. Tick! Tock! Tick! Tock! When he heard this, the bold captain's face began to turn green with fright. "The crocodile!" he yelled and bolted for dear life. As Hook vanished, Wendy heard the famous chuckle of Peter Pan.



6. Tinker Bell flew off to tell Peter Pan that the wicked pirate had Wendy in his clutches. Peter was having a nap when Tinker Bell shouted her news in his ear in her silvery voice. Peter leaped out of bed. "To Wendy's rescue!" he cried. "I have a plan!"

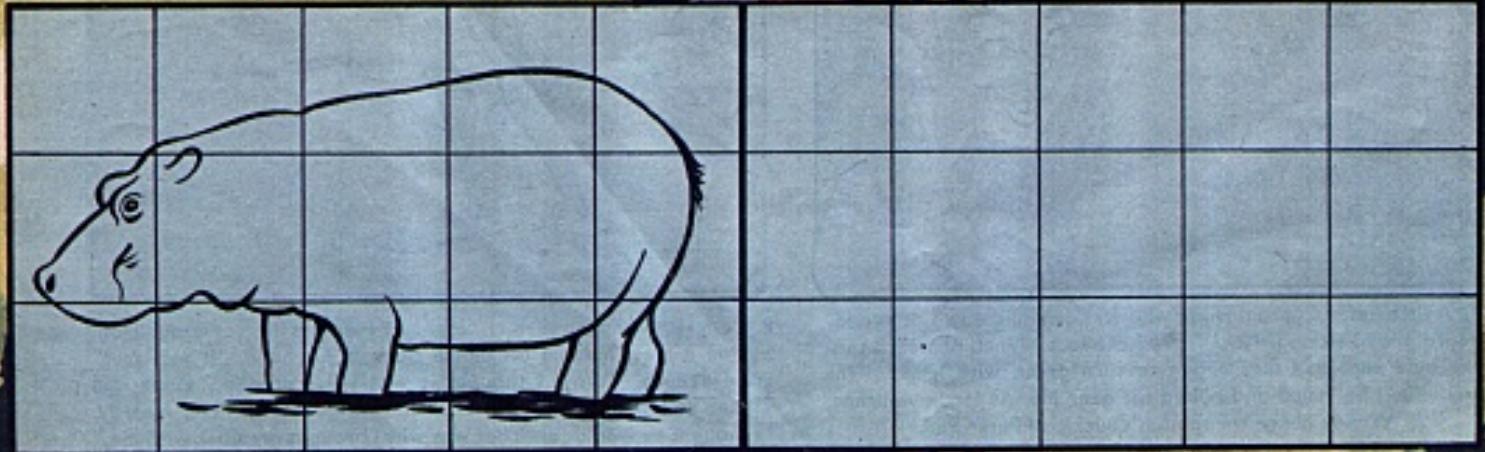


8. "Oh, the wonder of me!" laughed Peter as he came out from behind a tree, holding his alarm clock in his hand. "It was you!" cried Wendy. "Why, I thought it was the crocodile." Peter and Tinker Bell laughed. "So did Captain Hook," replied Peter merrily. "I thought he would run. That was why I brought my clock with me."

Peter Pan has another exciting adventure next week!

Jungle Puzzles

Here is a jungle flower, girls and boys. What colours do you think it should be? Paint it yourselves—it should look very pretty. Finished? Now join up the dots below, from 1 to 30, and you have another gorilla. Doesn't the one on the right look fierce? You wouldn't think he's a vegetarian, would you? We've drawn a hippopotamus in the left hand set of squares below. Using the squares as guides, see how well you can draw it in the space provided. Take your time, and just do one square at a time.



Spot the Mistakes



Nicholas and Susan are sweeping up some dead leaves in the garden for their Daddy. Six things in the picture are not as they should be. For example, there is no binding to hold the broom together. See how many other mistakes you can spot.

Answers:

1. Blue flames. 2. Handle on the fork is upside down. 3. Watering can's nozzle is upside down. 4. Shed door is upside down. 5. Susan has one yellow sock and one white one.



Pets' Problems

Your questions answered

My pet shop does not sell water weeds for my aquarium. Can you tell me where I might get some?

Ask your local plant nursery. They very often stock water lilies, etc., for garden ponds, and may be able to supply you with the weeds you need. Should I keep my two hamsters in the same cage? Hamsters fight fiercely, and should always be housed separately, unless you wish to breed from them.

Ever since I have had my cat, he has had a cold in his eye. Is there anything I can do to cure this trouble?

A watering eye could be due to an ingrowing eyelash. Take your pet to the vet for his advice.

Can you tell me if goldfish can be kept in glass bowls? They will not live long in a bowl, as there is not enough water exposed to the air to provide the correct amount of oxygen for them.

Gay Dog's Riddles



Gay Dog is always making funny riddles, so we have asked him to write some down, so you can try them on your friends. Here they are:

What nut reminds you of a girl's name?

A hazel-nut.

What part of London is in France?

The letter "N".

What can you hold without touching?

Your breath.

What has a tongue but no mouth?

A shoe.

Why is the letter "E" lazy?

Because it is always in b-E-d.

What knot cannot be undone?

A knot in a piece of wood.

What turns without moving?

A corner.

What are the coldest letters in the alphabet?

"I" and "C" (icy).

What do we buy and throw away?

A bus-ticket.



The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse



This week: Stephanie's new picture.

Stephanie, the smart town mouse, was standing in her living room gazing at the wall.

"That wall looks very bare," she said to her boy-friend, Nigel.

"It looks all right to me," said Nigel. "It looks just the same as it's always done."

"That's the trouble," replied Stephanie, rather crossly. "I think it ought to look different. I want a change. I think I shall buy a picture or something to hang on it."

Nigel sighed and hoped Stephanie would change her mind, because he didn't want to spend hours walking around artists' studios and picture galleries and goodness knows what else, just to try and find a picture Stephanie would like to see hanging on her wall.

To take her mind off pictures, Nigel suggested that Stephanie put on her new hat and they would go to the smart restaurant where he knew she always enjoyed having tea.

Stephanie went off to get her hat and it took her so long to decide whether to wear it on the back of her head, or on the front, or slightly over one eye, that by the time they went out of the house she had forgotten all about the picture—or so Nigel thought.

They had tea and a very good tea it was too, and even better, for Stephanie, were the admiring glances which everyone in the restaurant gave her. They were all admiring her new hat!

There was quite a chilly wind blowing when they went out of the restaurant.

"We'd better get home quickly," said Nigel. "It's not the sort of day to hang about. We shall get cold." So they set off

at a brisk walk towards Stephanie's house.

As they passed the park, Stephanie stopped—and stared. There, all along the railing, were pictures—lots and lots of pictures. And there, right in the middle of all the pictures, was one that Stephanie simply couldn't take her eyes off.

She wasn't at all sure what it was a picture of, but she did know she liked it very much. It was painted in bright colours and it somehow made Stephanie feel warm and gay and bright, even though it was such a dull, cold day.

"Look, Nigel," said Stephanie, stopping and pointing at the picture. "I really think that's the picture I want for my wall. Why, it would brighten the whole room!"

Nigel stopped and stared, too. "It's certainly very gay and colourful," he said. "But I think you'd better look at some more pictures first, and see if you find anything you like better."

Well, there was one thing about Stephanie. When she made up her mind, it was almost impossible to change it.

She looked around for the artist. There he was, sitting on a bench, fast asleep.

Stephanie looked at him. "Not only do I like the picture," she said firmly to Nigel. "But I think the artist needs the money, so I am going to buy it."

Just then the artist woke up. He looked a very thin, shabby mouse and he was really delighted when Stephanie said she liked his pictures, and even more delighted when she said she wanted to buy one.

Stephanie paid for the picture and Nigel carried it home. Then he had a perfectly dreadful time, holding the picture up against the wall in lots of different

places, while Stephanie decided exactly where she wanted it to hang.

When Nigel was quite sure he couldn't hold up his arms a minute longer, Stephanie finally made her mind up and Nigel hammered in the nail and hung the picture on it very quickly, just in case Stephanie should feel like changing her mind again.

Stephanie was pleased with it and she was even more pleased when all her friends said what a wonderful picture it was and asked her where she'd got it.

Now of course, Stephanie simply couldn't have said she'd bought it from the park railings. So she just said she'd bought it from a young artist mouse, because she'd happened to go to a showing of his pictures, and everyone thought she'd found some clever new artist, who was going to become very famous indeed.

Stephanie was pleased. Not only did she like her picture, but everyone else did too, and even on the dullest day, it made her living room look very gay and bright and cheerful.

"Perhaps he will be a famous artist one day," said Stephanie to herself. "And then I can say I was one of the first people to discover him, but until then, I think I'll keep quiet about seeing the picture hanging on the park railings."

Next week, Stephanie sets out to make Winifred the Country Mouse look smart. Don't miss reading about it!



The KING who Loved PUMPKINS



1. Once upon a time there was a fat, jolly King, who was very fond of pumpkins! One day he called his herald and told him to announce to his people that he would give ten thousand crowns to the person who could grow the biggest pumpkin.



2. In a far corner of the kingdom lived a man and his wife. When they heard of the prize the wife was very excited. "We could win all that money," she said to her husband. "Go to the wizard's house tonight and steal from him the spell for making things grow!"



3. That night, the man crept quietly into the house of the wizard, who was fast asleep. There, on a dusty shelf, stood a thick black book. 'Spells for growing things' it said on the cover. The man lifted it down and stole away with it under his arm.



4. Next morning, the man and his wife went early into their garden with the magic book. The man recited a strange spell over his pumpkin. "Look, husband!" the wife cried. "It's working already! The pumpkin has grown a good inch."



5. Sure enough, the pumpkin had started to grow. And it went on—and ON! Soon it filled the whole garden, crushing all the other plants. Then it pressed against the walls of the cottage, making them creak and groan. "Stop it!" screamed the wife, as the windows shattered. "It doesn't say how!" moaned her frightened husband. Just then the wizard happened to walk by.



6. The husband rushed up to him. "Please stop the pumpkin growing," he begged. The wizard looked severely at him. "You are a thief," he said. "I will stop the pumpkin growing only if you promise to give the prize money away to the poor."



7. Of course, the pumpkin won the King's prize. And the husband invited all the poor people to a feed of pumpkin. He also gave each of them a gold piece. He and his wife worked busily until all the prize money was gone, and the pumpkin was quite hollow inside!



8. As for the pumpkin shell, they turned it into a Happy Home for Orphans. Then they patched up their own house, and planted their garden again. But strangely enough there was one plant they never grew again. Can you guess what it was?

The WISE OLD OWL

Knows all the answers



The Wise Old Owl is here again to answer some more of your interesting questions.



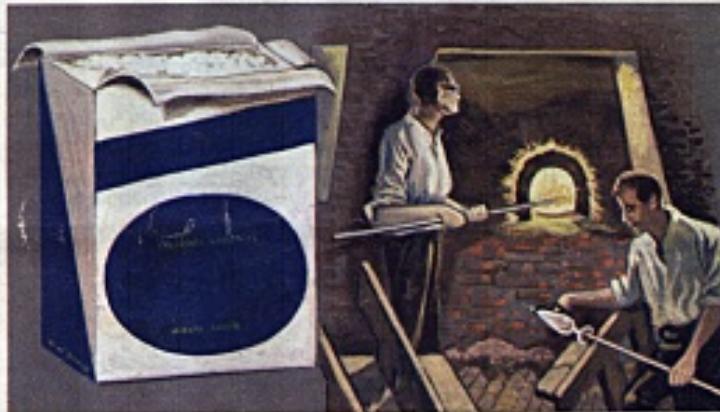
1. What is a hornets' nest made of?

"In Britain, the hornet usually nests in hollow oak trees, and the nest itself is made from a kind of paper which the insect uses. This paper is produced by chewing up small pieces of old wood into a pulp, the pulp forming the paper when dry."



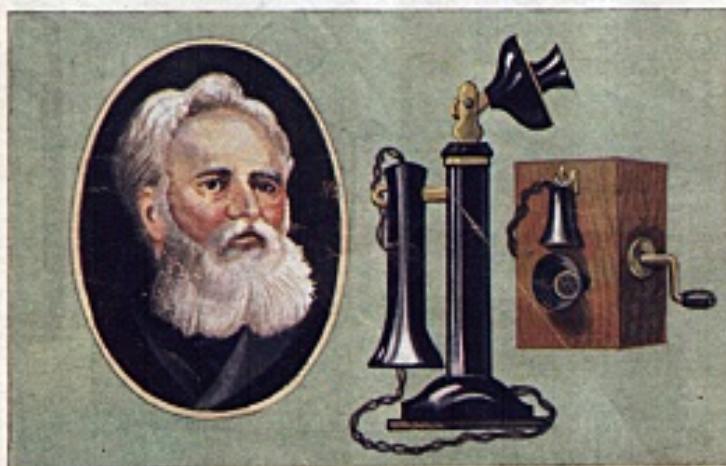
2. Why do cats have rough tongues?

"A cat uses its tongue as a kind of comb, which removes all its moulted fur, thus helping your pet to keep itself clean and well-groomed. Have you ever noticed how your cat washes itself?"



3. What is used in the home, that is also used to make glass?

"Soda crystals, which you have probably seen your Mummy use for softening bath water, are also used in glass making. The best English crystal glass, however, contains no soda."



4. Who invented the first telephone?

"He was a Scotsman by the name of Alexander Graham Bell. Educated in Edinburgh and London, Bell settled in Canada, where he worked on the invention of the telephone, and on March 11, 1876, successfully sent the first spoken message by wire."



5. Where is the Blue Grotto, and what is it?

"It is in Italy. The Blue Grotto is a large, underground sea cave, on the Isle of Capri, which is in the Bay of Naples. Famous for its beauty, it was known in Roman times and rediscovered in 1826. It can be visited in rowing boats."